



Monsters



8 0 1

Chapter 1 by Samara Porter

It was dark, and humid everybody was around the fire outside in my front yard just standing there quiet, confused trying to decide whether to accuse somebody else of being suspicious whether they were the one who caused all of this trying to decide if that person was a.... Monster. it all happened around 3:00 in the afternoon we were all gathered in my living room it was Thursday, October 21 which meant it was time for our next neighbor hood watch meeting, i heard a knock at the door i started to make my way to the door it suddenly locked and it wouldn't open. so i turned around and went to call my hubby, then when i dialed the number it went to this one voice, it was all staticy and kept saying you " shouldn't have done that." It sounded like my daughter.....she died 1 month ago when i wouldn't let her go to this party she snuck out then when she went to the middle of the streets and a drunk driver came at hit her.....she died instnatly. I should've let her go but i didn't, when she died i blamed her death on me i don't know why but i felt like it was all my fault that she got hit by that drunk driver by the way my name is Christopher Brown i was so caught up in this story i forgot to mention my own name. Now back to what i was saying

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